

TULSA DAILY WORLD

Published Every Morning, Excepting Sunday.
BY THE TULSA PUBLISHING CO.Entered in the Tulsa Postoffice as Second-Class Matter
MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONMEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
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DAILY AND SUNDAY: \$1.00 PER ANNUM
By mail, 3 months, \$2.50
By mail, 6 months, \$4.50
By mail, 12 months, \$8.00
CASH: \$1.00 PER COPY
SUNDAY ONLY: \$1.00 PER COPYBY CARRIER IN OUTSIDE TOWNS
For month in advance, \$1.25
For year in advance, \$12.00
BY CARRIER IN TULSA, SAND SPRING AND
RED FORD DAILY AND SUNDAY
For week, \$1.00
For month, \$6.00
For year, \$60.00SPECIAL RATES FOR ALL DEPARTMENTS
TULSA DAILY WORLD, THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1921.

Daily Biblical Quotation

April 21.
Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh. (Matt. 5: 4.)
As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness. (Ps. 17: 15.)
I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness. (Ps. 17: 15.)
The righteousness he marks in Thee. (Ps. 17: 15.)
He will to thee do with. (Ps. 17: 15.)
Incanting in Thy purity. (Ps. 17: 15.)
He deeply drinks in. (Ps. 17: 15.)

AN IMPOSSIBLE COMPARISON.

In reply to the presentation of the Anglican bishops on his Irish policy, Mr. Lloyd George deftly attempts to compare the Irish question to the secession of the south in 1860, and himself to Abraham Lincoln.

The former is not a permissible undertaking. In the light of undisputed history, while the latter is grotesque and utterly impossible. There are some things the human mind is incapable of doing, and one of them is to think of the shift, evasive and subtle English premier in the same half-hour that the mind ponders the direct and non-evasive character of the great emancipator.

We do not want to indulge in criticism concerning the English policy with reference to Ireland further than to express, as we have repeatedly done, deep sympathy for the Irish in their struggle for self expression and racial independence. If the properties do not permit American nationals to do more than that, the traditions of their government and the blessings that have come to them through that independence they won with the sword in open conflict with precisely the same authority that is battling Irish patriotism, should impel them one and all to go that far.

But when the English statesman seeks to compare the English-Irish controversy with the North-South controversy of 1860-5, he must, in the interest of historical verity be instantly challenged. If he must come to America for a comparison, let him seek the parallel in our war with England for our own independence, for there both cause and effect run even with cause and effect of the English-Irish conflict, with this difference: Even in our war with English imperialism and despotism it was not a subject people seeking to throw off bondage, but a faction of identical race desirous of separating itself from the impossible practices of the mother country.

And precisely the same thing was true of the war between the American states. The question of subject peoples—of a race in vassalage—was not an issue, excepting as the question of slavery and of the colored race in bondage might be construed as falling within that meaning. The real cause belli, as all historians have declared, was a purely political question—the relation of state government to federal authority, and the right of states to sever the bond of union, or as the southern statesmen contended, to terminate the contract of confederation, at will. In the first instance, the confederation or union between the states was voluntary—agreeable to all the people of all the states, and did not grow out of either a war or wars of conquest as a result of which a defeated race was forced, against its will, to yield its national existence to the conqueror.

The southern states and the northern states had compacted to join their forces for protection against outside foes. In doing which they had yielded substantial rights of sovereignty. There had ever been a dispute between them as to the precise sovereignty yielded and as to the authority of the federal structure in a conflict with the various states. The slavery question forced the issue after many years of dispute and growing irritation because of the uncertainty surrounding this relationship.

So that the war of the states was in fact a war to determine a contract between members of the same household—a contract in which a property right was the paramount issue. It was not contended that the south suffered vassalage or that the form of government was objectionable, but that a majority of the existing union being hostile to the dearest property possession of the south that the south had a right to secede from the union and thus remove the danger of that majority.

For the English premier or any other man to attempt to make that contract a parallel with the present English-Irish controversy is for such individual to either plead ignorance concerning an important incident in human history or practice crass dishonesty in his pleadings. Either horn of the dilemma may be taken. Ireland is seeking precisely the same thing that we wrestled from English imperialism at Yorktown. Only she seeks it as a subject race that has never voluntarily accepted her status in the English Imperial system; that has maintained its characteristics in spite of generations of English statesmen who have exerted themselves to destroy such characteristics.

Therefore in law and morals the only question is whether or not Ireland has a right to her ambition. And on that question there ought not, in decency, to be any division of opinion in the United States of America.

RESTATING AN OLD RULE.

Even though by a margin entirely too close for so important a decision, and much to the surprise and vigorous dissatisfaction of a certain class of citizens, the supreme court of the United States in its decision concerning recently enacted legislation safeguarding the interests of the public in its relations with conscientious landholders merely enunciates an old rule that has always been more or less accepted.

The rule is that there must be relief in law or equity for every form of oppression and wrong. In other words justice cannot seriously consider a pleading that entitles a court to either inflict or refuse to ameliorate manifest wrong and injustice.

Property has been blasted in claiming its rights. It possesses rights, too, of a most important nature. And the court of justice must not hesitate to affirm them and protect the owner of property in the equitable enjoyment of such rights. But when property demands the right to defy unwritten law and, in the absence of specific law, demands that the courts maintain it in a procedure that is undeniably a manifest wrong if not an act of despotic oppression, it is asking not only very much too much, but something as de Montaigne very aptly says, that is contrary to the nature of things and therefore is incapable of commanding that general acceptance as essential to the support of law.

Taylor is a rebel because capital is a libertine. It is an epitaph from the pen of a contemporary writer who has written much and said very little, but who in that sentence stated a precise fact. Capital, as such, is often a libertine, but when it asks courts of justice to sanction its practices as such, it transgresses the permissible properties of equity if not of law.

And again, "The rights of the few must give way for the good of the many." Another rule that must inevitably influence all judicial determinations of such questions as the landlord and tenant case which was at bar. Because it is certainly repugnant to the nature of things—i. e., just government,—when a single individual, or corporate interest, can seize on what it offers as a constitutional right, to impose hardship and oppression upon hundreds of people. The rights of property must be limited precisely as the civil and political rights of the citizen himself are limited. It is not long now until the doctrine set up in this decision will be affirmed unanimously by the same tribunal, instead of 5 to 4.

LABOR, TOO, MUST LIQUIDATE.

The cut in wages of glass workers and its consequent disturbance of relations with their employers, is but one of many similar incidents in all lines of industry, meaning in the aggregate, of course, that labor must contribute its share to the general liquidation consequent upon an era of inflation and extravagance.

It is quite natural for wage earners to resent a reduction of wages—as natural as for the farmers to resent a severe reduction in the price of their products, or for the oil men to resent the reduction in the price of crude, but such resentment should not impel them to charge a deliberate intention on the part of employers to inflict a manifest injustice nor cause them to precipitate industrial strife.

For employers are as helpless in the premises as babes. Economic laws are as ruthless as they are catholic. No man can either repeal them nor long stay their processes; and they are operating now with exceptional vigor simply because they were too long suspended by artificial machinations.

If we measure existing conditions and tendencies by past experience, we must conclude that the general scale of recompense, whether for the use of money, for labor or commodities grown from the soil, whether from dividends on investment, or what not, will be a declining scale for a considerable length of time. Which does not argue that property will be absent, quite the contrary. For the economies of production and distribution will be such as to more than equalize the difference.

It would, perhaps, shock the sensibilities of superficial observers to venture not the opinion but the statement of immutable fact, that the years from 1917 to 1921 were not prosperous years for American. But they were not. We simply thought, at the time, that they were. Our genuine prosperity will come through the process of liquidation that must inevitably be lived as a consequence of that wild, unprecedented and wholly unjustifiable spree.

The industrial financial phenomena of 1919 and 1920 was not prosperity at all, and an ever increasing number of people are beginning to

THE THINGS THAT MATTER.

(Copyright, 1921, by Edgar A. Guest.)

When a fellow gets in a fix,
An' his tale is mostly told,
When he knows life has in store
At the best a few years more,
An' it's settled in his mind
That he isn't goin' to find
Any mine of gold, or claim
Special notices from fame.
Then he gets in closer touch
With the things that matter much.

Youth looks ever far away
To some better, other day
That is always goin' to be,
When he'll gain the victory.
Then he's always got his eyes
On some glitterin' future prize
Which he fancies he may win
Spite of all his blunderin'.
Till all along the way
He'll do something big some day.

But the champions are few
An' the great deeds hard to do,
An' the dreamers by an' by
See things with a clearer eye
An' discover not to all
Can the pomp of glory fall.
Most of us must settle down
Findin' peace without renown.
Glad that we can come an' go
Loved by those God lets us know.

When a fellow's gettin' old
An' his tale is mostly told,
An' the fame he's dreamed about
From his life has faded out,
Then he finds that friends are more
Than the gold he'd hungered for.
An' he'd rather spend his hours
With his children an' his flowers
An' his neighbors, for in such
Is the peace which matters much.

Oklahoma Outbursts

By OTIS LORTON.

Spring is breaking hard this year for early gardeners and street carmen.

United States attorneys for the eastern district of Oklahoma change just about as often as the weather.

The Redwood Record intimates that there must be a lot of low motion if it be true that girls spend most of their time on their clothes.

Harry Gilstrap of Chandler, who, though acting as private secretary to the congressman, seems to be representing the rights of the poor, writes back to his home paper that he is having no difficulty in meeting all the big bugs in Washington.

Without any intention of being personal, the Muskogee Times Democrat says the appointment of Mr. Taft as chief justice will add weight to the supreme bench.

All we have to say about it is that the crowd which gathers daily where Third street crosses Main have not seen anything like the "aphrodisiac gown" which is on its way from Paris.

There is just this about it, these times, no newspaper is in position to poke fun at its competitor because of typographical errors.

The girl on South Main says she much prefers a honeymoon here on earth than to be the "soul wife" of any man who wants a "honeymoon in eternity."

Hearst's Magazine hits the "Bull's Eye," a Tulsa insurance house publication. Editor K. M. Goode of Hearst's rings the bell with the following comment: "The Bull's Eye stands first, if not second, on the list of great national publications. It has everything the Saturday Evening Post has—except its circulation; it has everything the Atlantic Monthly has—except its reputation. The Literary Digest has nothing on the Bull's Eye, save its ability to borrow all its editorial comments as it will. The Bull's Eye has to rewrite it; even Colliers can't compete with the Bull's Eye—for Colliers requires the entire time of a great force of sales agents, while the Bull's Eye leaves 'em a little time to sell insurance. Nothing since the Police Gazette has touched the Bull's Eye in art; and nothing since the City Directory, in literature. Combining the wit of the New Republic, the broad national viewpoint of Town Topics, and the genial spiritiveness of Iron Age, the Bull's Eye must sweep over the country in one vast popular movement like Prohibition or the Income Tax."

Barometer of Public Opinion

To the A. H. W. A.

Editor World: Dedicated to the Anti Homosexuals' association. Come, sisters, arise, and let's organize. They're stealing our husbands in gobs. On the trail we will camp of the seductive vamp. Who lures them again and again. They want to be good, as all husbands should. They're stealing our husbands in gobs. How can they go straight, when some she lies in wait.

To entice them from ways that are right? In their hearts they are pure, of that we are sure. But unwary, the dear helpless men; Something's got to be did to check the insidious wiles of the wicked siren. Let's take a firm stand; let's show we've got sand.

There's no time, my dear sisters for soba. Oh don't hesitate, or you'll lose your mate. They're stealing our husbands in gobs. Don't stop to say "can't," come be militant; Let's destroy the Homosexuals, we must. If we don't rise and act, it's an absolute fact. Every home in the land's goin' to bust.

M. A. B.

From a Socialist.

Editor World: I have been a reader of the Tulsa World for several years; am also a great admirer of the magic city. I have watched her grow from a village to her present dimensions. I humbly ask permission through the Barometer of Public Opinion the privilege of replying to the challenge of N. B. Easton of Stillwater, Okla. He is pleased to call the socialist a band of anarchists, and to boast that where there is an effect, there was first a cause. In what way did the millionaires accumulate their wealth? By laboring with their hands? No! It is true some of the socialist leaders have gladly gone to prison for their honest convictions, but as for the socialist approval of wholesale murder, it is not true. The socialists believe in the laws of the land in regard to all crimes, but personally, innocent until convicted. McNamara was convicted. Big Bill Hayward was not. As for Debs and others who have suffered under the espionage law, will Mr. Easton deny that future generations will look back to the prosecutions under this law as an eternal monument of disgrace to this fair land of ours? At present a grave problem confronts the people of the United States. It is whether evil and political liberty shall end, or whether the principles of monopoly and plutocracy shall be crushed. It is nonsense to boast of equality before the law and uniformity of rights and privileges. When a few gigantic trusts can defy the courts, corrupt by bribery and intimidation executive and legislative officers and reduce our country to a state of anarchy, it is nonsense to boast of equality before the law and uniformity of rights and privileges. When a few gigantic trusts can defy the courts, corrupt by bribery and intimidation executive and legislative officers and reduce our country to a state of anarchy, it is nonsense to boast of equality before the law and uniformity of rights and privileges.

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An' his tale is mostly told,
An' the fame he's dreamed about
From his life has faded out,
Then he finds that friends are more
Than the gold he'd hungered for.
An' he'd rather spend his hours
With his children an' his flowers
An' his neighbors, for in such
Is the peace which matters much.

Box 214, Kiefer, Okla., April 12.

CHARACTER STUDIES

(Copyright, 1921, by The Chicago Tribune.)



The landlord who denounces socialistic tendencies, but whose profiteering practices do much to promote state socialism.



The business man who raves against the extortion of grafting labor leaders, but who refuses to aid in stopping it.



The man who deplores the spread of crime, lawlessness, and relaxed standards of business morality, but who contributes to lawlessness himself.

The Woman Who Loved—and Earned

By JANE PHELPS

A MODERN STORY OF HOME AND BUSINESS

A Disappointment.

CHAPTER 52.
I would reach home Saturday night. I telegraphed Robert, and supposed of course he would meet me. Gardner Kenyon went back to town on the same train. "May I take you home?" he asked, as the train drew into the station. "Or do you expect someone to meet you?"

"My husband will meet me," I telegraphed him I was coming on this train."

"Then may I come some evening? I believe you are busy during the day—you and your husband both," he added as if it were an afterthought.

"I am busy during the day. But we are at home nearly every evening—and on Sunday's—that is, unless some of our housekeeping friends take pity on us and invite us to dinner."

"Don't you keep house?" astonishment in his voice.

"No, we have boarded ever since we have been married. We decided it was more convenient, because of my work. I am in a busy shop on the Avenue, head saleswoman, and I take all my strength as well as my time," I explained, elaborately. Just why I should have taken so much trouble I do not know, but I sensed disapprobation in his question.

"Of course you could not do both. I was going to say, fill both positions. But I imagine you do, and fill both well."

"Thank you, I try to," I replied just as we drew into the station. Gardner and I walked up the long platform to the gate together. As we passed through, he fell behind, while I hurried forward, looking right and left for Robert. At last I realized that he was not there. He had not come to meet me.

"You have missed your friends—your husband, Mrs. Hepburn?" Gardner had caught up with me. "Please"

"Where have you been until so late?"

"I was playing cards at Marion's for part of the evening. On my way home I stopped for a game of pool."

"There's nothing in the world takes the place of a home game—nothing," ran through my mind as he spoke. I hated him to go to the pool rooms—would a home game prevent that—and his intimacy with Marion? Hovey?

"Tomorrow—More Bad News."

How to Tell Which.

"Was that your wife I saw with you the other evening headed for the train?"

"My wife was with me one evening, and the next I happened to meet up with the young lady who lives out at our station. Don't know which—by the way, who was carrying the parcels?"

"Oh, that was Miss Cuddey you saw."

let me take you home." Then as I hesitated, he added: "I must have a taxi, and shall be glad of company."

"I am so sorry," I said, as he took the address, and let him help me in the cab, and after putting in both of our handbags, he gave the driver my address and stepped in beside me.

Robert was out when I reached home. I had eaten my dinner on the train, so at once unpacked my bag and made myself comfortable to wait for him. At first I had been furiously angry that Robert should put me in such a position before a stranger; that he had not met me. I had been angry, too, at myself because I had deemed it necessary to explain that I had telegraphed him I was coming, and had told that he would meet me.

But as I waited in the familiar room, all anger died away, and only tried to read, but soon laid my book aside and stood at the window to wait for him. Ten, 11, then 12 o'clock sounded and he had not come. I stretched out on the couch—I would wait there for him. I could not go to bed.

It was just half past one when he came in.

"Hello, Gerry?" When did you get home?" he bent and kissed me.

"At 4 o'clock as I wired you," I felt my anger rising again. I had waited so long, was so tired, that all my humiliation was once more pregnant in my mind.

"Wired me! I didn't get any message. Where did you send it?"

"To the more of course," I said. "Let me see, it must have been nearly noon when I sent it."

"That explains why I did not receive it. The store closes at noon. Commenced the Saturday after you left. Didn't I write you about it?"

"No, not a word."

"It's too bad, Gerry. I would surely have met you if I had received the wire."

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Made "Lifer" Thankful.

Brook Pemberton tells this one about his play, "Miss Lulu Bett." He took it to Sing Sing to open the new theater there the night after Christmas. After the play the following dialog between two prisoners was overheard:

"Well, how did you like the play?"

"Fine! Great play, I think. How did you like it?"

"Oh, it has its good points. But thank God, I'm in for life and don't have to see it again!"

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The Horoscope

The stars influence but do not compel.
(Cpt. 1121 by Melville Newspaper Bldg.)

THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1921.

This is read by astrologers as an uncertain day in planetary disposals. While Saturn and Uranus are in position that is favorable to the inhabitants of the earth.

Again labor troubles are fore-shadowed and especially will money be subject to disturbing influences.

This is an unfortunate way for the aged and many will die in the coming summer.

The rule that is sinister also affects all who hold positions supposed to be gained by experience and training. It will affect legislators as it has in the last few months so that many will end their careers death being in many cases sudden.

Jupiter continues to give encouragement to trade. All the influence appears to be toward constructive policies and there should be stability in trade.

The stars that are supposed to control or to guide financial efforts promise widespread profits for the people, but the many should prosper where the few in the past have gained fortune.

Building is subject to the best direction of the planets and there will be a tendency on the part of persons of means to means to acquire homes. This will be marked especially after midsummer.

Serious differences with other nations are promised for the United States. Situations that will develop distinguished diplomats are fore-shadowed.

The average of statesmanship in this country will be high to the next few years, although there will be one or two exceptions that will appear in strong contrast to the average excellence.

The death of a distinguished man is foretold for June and the country will lose a great asset in public affairs.

Persons whose birthdate is should not speculate in the coming year. They should keep business matters well in hand and make no changes.

Children born on this day may be fond of amusement and not waste money, but these subjects of Taurus are usually self-reliant, determined, and successful.

Benny's Notebook

Good Luck and Bad Luck.
It is good luck to never have had luck, with on the other hand it is bad luck to never have good luck. Most people have part good luck and part bad luck, on account of things don't always happen in your wish them to instead of like you wish they wouldn't.

Some of the luckiest people are the ones that are always finding something. Some fellows could walk along all their life looking down without finding anything, while others just half to walk about a block thinking of something else and they find something. It is always lucky to find money, especially a lot.

If you knock the salt seller over and some of the salt goes on the table it is supposed to be bad luck unless you quick pick the salt seller up and throw some of the salt over your left shoulder, and even then if the top comes off and the salt goes all over the floor you're liable to get a licking, being some of the worst luck there is.

It is bad luck to walk under a ladder, especially if it's a painter's ladder and a lot of paint is dripping down.

It is good luck to pick up a pin unless some fellow gives you a kick or a automobile bumps you while you are stooping over unpicked.

It is 7 years bad luck to be a mirror, so all you have to do to spoil your hole life is brake one every 7 years.

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